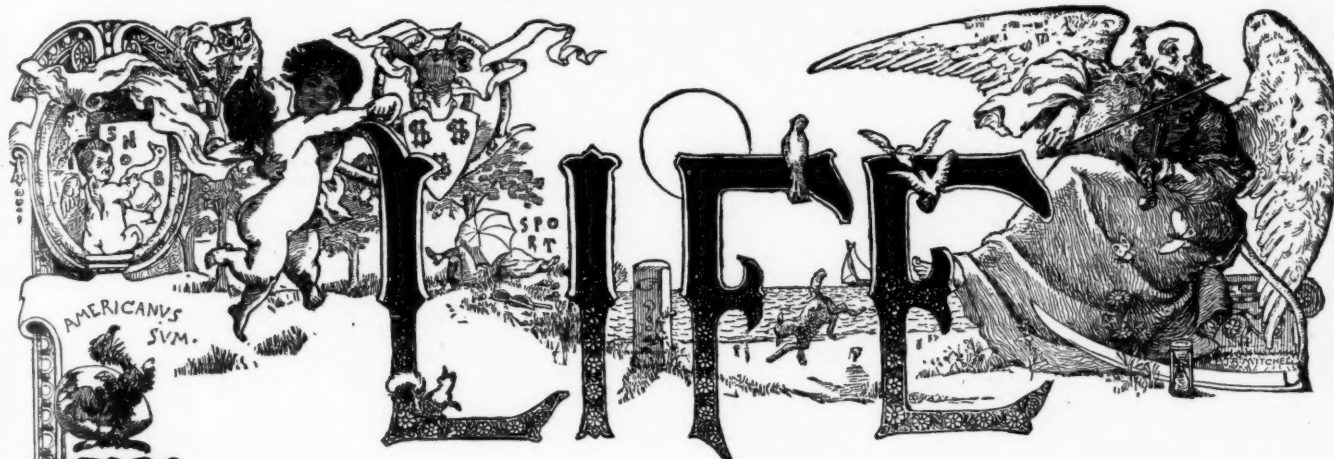


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"Mr. Stimson's work is, in many ways, one of the best of its kind that has appeared since the publication of 'Lorna Doone' itself, almost thirty years ago. Miles Courtenay and Jennifer are admirably drawn, and the secret of the identity of the titular character, well kept until the very close of the tale, is one of the genuine surprises of fiction. 'King Noanett' will live as he deserves to live, long after many of his contemporary heroes of early adventure in this country are altogether forgotten. And his creator knows how to tell a story."—*Lawrence Hutton in Harper's Magazine of June, 1897*. **Price, \$3.00**

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·LIFE·



A FLY-TRAP.

A Plea.



O H, Fate, be kind,
And grant me
Mr. Comstock's mind!
I'm so blasé,
So ennuyé,
I can't but pray
Upon my knee
You grant to me
That mind
immense
That finds so
much of spice in innocence.

I'd like to look
Upon some dull and prosy book
With such an eye
That I could spy,
If I should try,
At but a glance
Some indication that it came from France.
You'd help me much
If you would give my mind that touch,
So that my life,
In which is rife
So little strife,
Might permeated be
With highly virtuous indecency—
Oh, Fate, be kind,
And grant me Mr. Comstock's mind!

The Decalogue of Golf.

THOU shalt have none other game than Golf.
Thou shalt not take to thyself any Golf balls
found upon the links, or in the earth beneath, nor in
water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thy-
self in driving, for the rules of Golf are inexorable
rules, and bad form shall be visited unto thee, unto the
third and fourth holes.

Thou shalt not play the game of Golf in vain.
Remember to keep strictly the rules of Golf. Nine
holes shalt thou play and do all thou hast to do, but on
the next nine shalt thou do better, thou and thy son,
and thy daughter, and the stranger that is upon the
links.

Honor the advice of the professional, that thy form
may be good on the links which the club hath given thee.

Thou shalt not kill—a caddy.

Thou shalt not sole they club in a hazard.

Thou shalt not sclaff.

Thou shalt not hand in a false score for the handicap.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's driver; thou shalt
not covet thy neighbor's brassy, nor his cleek, nor his
masher, nor his niblick, nor his lofter, nor his putter,
nor any club that is his.

B. Q. F.

SHE: How did you know I wouldn't object to being
kissed?

HE: Your chaperone had fallen asleep.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

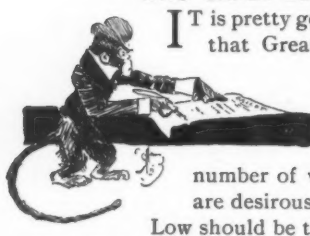
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WHO SHALL BE MAYOR?



IT is pretty generally known that Greater New York is to elect a mayor this fall, and that a large number of worthy citizens are desirous that Mr. Seth Low should be their candidate.

It is also known that more than a hundred thousand reputed voters are understood to have pledged themselves to vote for Mr. Low if he will run. The Citizens' Union is the concern that hopes to see Mr. Low a candidate, and that has busied itself in pledging voters. There are other political organizations in town which are also interested. Tammany—what is left of it—is one; another is Senator Platt's Republican machine; another may be composed of sound-money Democrats who won't join Tammany in any endorsement of Bryanism, and others still may develop between now and election day. What we want is a mayor who will govern Greater New York in the interest of the citizens and taxpayers of this city, and not in the interest of any gang or hall or organization concerned with State or national politics. If Tammany elects a mayor it will be primarily for the benefit of Tammany; if the Republicans, as Republicans, elect a mayor, Mr. Platt's machine will of course expect to profit by it. We don't want a Tammany mayor or a Platt-machine mayor, but a mayor whose sole obligation shall be to give the best government he can to all the Greater

New Yorkers. In order to elect a mayor of that sort, it seems to be expedient that the Citizens' Union people and most of the Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats shall vote for the same candidate. How to induce them to do it is a problem that is now engaging the intellectuals of a good many worthy and industrious men, and of some highly competent women. It's a hard problem. Here's hoping that the minds engaged upon it may prove to be astute enough to work it out.



MISSION FIELDS AT HOME.

THE advance agent of prosperity has not as yet made his presence felt in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This famous Congregational Society reports waning receipts, and increasing debts which threaten to compel the withdrawal of missionaries. The American foreign missionaries, as a class, are praised and respected by travelers, and undoubtedly help to promote civilization in the countries which they live in. LIFE would be sorry to see them withdrawn from the fields which they now occupy, but it is on some accounts a solace to recall that if any of them should have to come home, they will only be transferred from one missionary field to another. Judging from the constant reports of lynching in the South, there is great need in that part of the country of an organized effort to secure the spread of Christian sentiments which shall make crimes of violence less frequent, and shall restrain the impetuosity of self-appointed avengers. The law and the gospel are both strenuously needed in the South. The apparent frequency of crimes against women, committed by negroes, is matter of grave and ominous concern which deserves the attention of psychologists, moralists, law-givers and civil authorities. Lynching does not seem to check this evil. The case of the negro who ran amuck on August

26th about the country near Kingston, New York, assaulting children and women, is worth studying in connection with this problem. The man was perfectly aware that he might be lynched when caught, but that prospect had no restraining influence on his behavior. While his passions blazed he was practically insane. Doubtless the Southern negroes who commit assaults are for the time being as crazy as this man, and craziness of that sort seems to be induced rather than corrected by illegal punishments.

It appears, too, that there is a missionary field in the New England villages, where, Professor Norton reports, order is no longer maintained, but the peace is broken, and good citizens are tormented with impunity by bad boys whom the country constables won't keep in order.



ACRES OF RECREATION.

A RECENT purchase of four thousand acres of land in the Berkshires makes Mr. William C. Whitney the owner of twelve thousand acres of the landscape of that attractive region. Mr. Whitney is one of the most remarkable collectors of the day. He seems to have a place for everything, from a Tammany Democrat to a buffalo, and he tries hard to fill it. If by any chance he acquires an object for which he happens not to have a place, he acquires a new place immediately. If he ever finds it necessary to take to the woods, he will have woods galore to take to. To have a large tract of wildish land, and be rich enough to make roads and golf links and polo-grounds and other such lairs on it, and have plenty left to ride and hunt over, and for forestry and kitchen gardens, must be about as pleasing a pastime as there is—though, after all, it is only a little more pleasing than scores of others which cost much less.



Floor Walker: WALK THIS WAY, PLEASE.
Lady: THANK YOU, I PREFER TO WALK MY OWN WAY.

Moods.

GRAVE and gay—
One mood cannot last away;
Riper Joy is ours to gain
When we've suffered Sorrow's pain.

Grave or gay—
Let the tear-drops have their way;
Heralds telling of retreat,
Of victorious defeat.

Grave or gay—
Nor unto the smile say nay;
Let Joy's wreath upon the face
Banish all of Sorrow's trace.

Grave and gay—
Smile and tear together play
On the strings that tune thy heart,
And their music's what thou art.

Wood Levette Wilson.

The Golden Fleecers.

CLARENCE: Who was Jason,
pa?

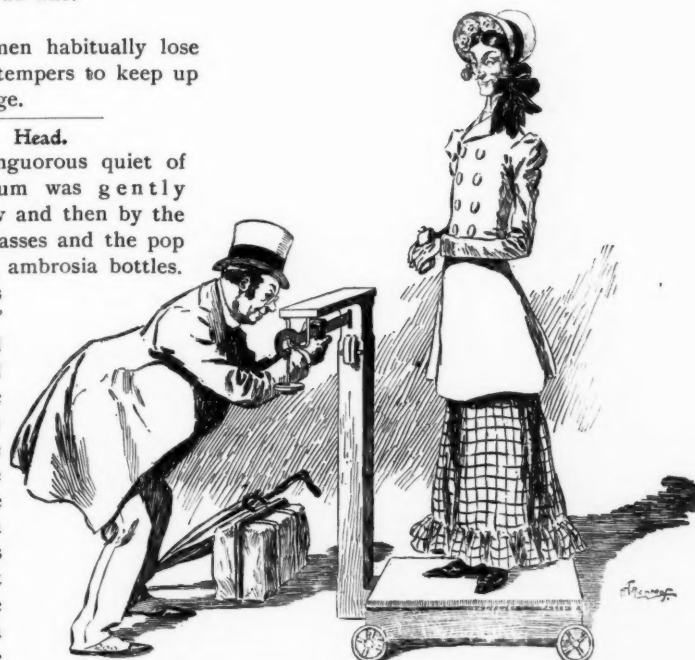
MR. CALLIPERS: Oh, a sort of
legendary Mark Hanna.

SOME men habitually lose
their tempers to keep up
their courage.

Head.

THE languorous quiet of
Elysium was gently
broken now and then by the
clink of glasses and the pop
of opening ambrosia bottles.

"That's
Charles I.,"
explained
onewho had
been there
longenough
to have
learned the
ropes. "He
has an idea
if he keeps
up the gait
he'll wake
up with a
head some
morning."



THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WEIGH.

Please Stop This, Major!

THERE is complaint that the original McKinley men, who are so great a political power in this country at present, are allowed to have too much say about promotion and appointments in the army. This complaint is based on instances of improper interference by civilians with matters which should have been determined on military grounds alone. It was reported the other day that a Chicago Congressman had visited the War Department and had secured the appointment to a cavalry regiment of a certain lieutenant newly graduated from West Point, a son of one of his constituents. It is a discouraging thing that a Congressman should be able to control a military appointment which is supposed to be determined solely by merit. LIFE does not know that this story is true, but it believes it to be true, because it knows of other appointments secured by processes even more improper.

CLOSEFIT: Money talks.
DEDBROKE (sadly): But I'm
hardly on speaking terms with it.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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Hester H.....	5 00
Raised by the Sunshine Club, Ridge- field, Conn.....	22 12
The Savings of a Little Boy.....	3 00

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MUSIC is divided into three classes: that which has both melody and harmony, and is popular; that which has harmony only, and is admired by the cultured; and that which has neither melody nor harmony, and can only be appreciated by the elect.

BOOKSHOPS

One Way To Be Human.

FOR the raft of writers who think that they are "studying life" by collating its disagreeable features and exploiting what is abnormal, there is a fine, clarifying draught in Woodrow Wilson's recent essay, "On Being Human." Commenting on those books which "disclose motives at which we shudder—the more because we feel their reality and power," he asserts that "we do not willingly make what is worst in us the distinguishing trait of what is human. . . . Your true human being has eyes, and keeps his balance in the world."

The way in which the authors of narrow view have persistently claimed for themselves the whole credit of seeing things accurately, is one of the most amusing sophistries of the modern literary pose. A fly has a wonderful eye, but its idea of a human being, gathered from a minute inspection of the tip of his nose, is not more grotesque than the studies of "traits" that pass for human beings in many novels.

Mr. Wilson's plea for the larger view is in no sense an argument for ignoring what is unpleasant and writing about only agreeable things. The age of fairy tales is past, but the age which makes possible a knowledge of the world is just begun. The complexity of life, as it is now open to the average human being, compels the man with eyes to take the broad view. It is only in that way that he can get a glimpse of the trend of things which make for progress. This is his great advantage over



"BUT, SURELY, MR. DEVIL, YOU DON'T INTEND PUTTING ME IN THERE WITH THOSE—UNDRESSED PEOPLE?"

"LET'S SEE—WHAT NAME, PLEASE?"

"COMSTOCK—ANTHONY COMSTOCK."

"OH, NO! CERTAINLY NOT. WE HAVE A SPECIAL GRIDDLE RESERVED FOR YOU."

the beast that is chained in a stall, or thinks itself free if it can kick its heels in a ten-acre lot. There are writers of fiction who are content to munch hay in a stall, and dream that they are studying life!

This sane optimism that is founded on a wide knowledge of human nature is very different from the spurious article that shuts its eyes and whistles to keep up its courage. Your "human" writer believes in human nature because he *knows* it. "What is truly human," says Mr. Wilson, "has always upon it the broad light of what is genial, fit to support life, cordial, and of a catholic spirit of helpfulness."

* * *

THERE is an inspiring dash of Mark Twain in Opie Read's novel, "Bolanyo" (Way & Williams). This is not at the expense of Mr. Read's originality—for the story can walk alone anywhere. But the little Mississippi river town, and the odd

characters there collected, recall the setting of Mark Twain's earlier sketches. *Joe Vark*, *Aunt Patsey* and *Mr. Petticord* might easily have been intimates of Tom Sawyer.

The State Senator is a beautiful character; it would be a delight to see E. M. Holland impersonate him on the stage. He is one of the few characters of his class in American fiction who is a humorous politician and yet not a vulgarian.

Indeed, the whole story is charming and full of character, until the author feels that it must get some incident into it. Then the admiring reader is hurled headlong into threadbare melodrama, where the hero is wrongly suspected of murder, almost lynched, saved by the girl he loves, and, after dire wanderings, cleared of all suspicion. Anyone can fill out this outline from a score of border plays and cheap novels. "Bolanyo" is worthy of a better ending.

Droch.



"DO YOU KNOW, I'M QUITE WORRIED ABOUT MYSELF. I REALLY BELIEVE I'M LOSING MY NERVE."

"HOW DO YOU NOTICE IT?"

"I'M GETTING SO I HATE TO ASK ANYONE FOR A LOAN. AS SOON AS I SAW YOU I BEGAN TO TREMBLE."

Some Private Correspondence.



MY DEAR MISS DEBUTANTE:

You are about to leave behind you, forever, the long array of text-books and other engines of culture which have been so instrumental in bringing you to the present crisis, and to plunge into the more serious frivolities of actual life. You are "out," or soon will be, and like the performer who has completed her make-up, you stand ready to enter the real comedy, or tragedy of life, as the denouement shall prove. You have attained a certain bowing acquaintance with French and German, your piano playing can be listened to in the pauses of conversation without annoyance, your voice is sweet and well trained, and in general you have been taught, by teachers who have never been in society themselves, what is proper and correct. Besides this, you have privately read a few books which are unknown to Sunday-schools and Seminaries, but which will be a great help to you.

If at this point you prepare to lay down this letter perceiving that I may be about to offer you some advice, I beg leave abruptly to disarm this assumption. I would have you know that I am with you entirely, that I believe in you, and that I am prepared to take arms for you against your critics. Among these there are some, grown soured and sober and over-intellectual by their own petty affairs, who will miss your real charm, and consider you insipid and uninteresting because you apparently deal in the nothings of life. You will know them at once, because your instincts are unerring, but do not let them disturb you. They forget that you yourself are the supreme fact, and that you can afford to brush aside with your shapely hand the grandest philosophies with scarcely a thought. You are above and beyond them all.

It will be said of you that you are heartless, and in those occasional half-

hours that you are alone with yourself it is possible that you may regret. Do not do so, my dear young lady. It is in the course of nature that you should make conquests, and that men should suffer on your account. It is good for them so to do, and they are all the better for it. A man who has been rejected, if he be of the right sort, will turn it to his advantage, and if he be of weaker stuff and succumb, that is his misfortune, not yours.

Because I love you dearly I say to you also to miss nothing of the new life that is before you—the life of balls and dinners, and what is termed functions. To have learned this life thoroughly is the only way that you may appreciate the value of other things. And you will know it bye-and-bye for what it is.

Some day you will be a dear old girl. Above your fair temples the lines of white will alternate with those of a darker hue. Will you not be better then for this bright and charming picture of your youth, with its bright colors? And will you not know then that the most serious things of existence are those that lie on the surface? In the meantime, success to you.

LIFE.

TURNPIKE IKE: I'm starving. For Heaven's sake, get me food!

REV. ABLE DOGOOD: Poor man, come with me. (They enter Fillemup's eating-house.) Give this man all he wants, I'll return and pay for it. (Returning an hour later.) "What's the bill?"

FILLEMUP: Sixty-five cents.

"But your sign says 'Meals, thirty-five cents.'"

"Yes, but your man had five bottles of beer and a Manhattan cocktail."

THE self-confident man does not necessarily believe all he says.

An Unwilling Effort.

THE seasick passenger, stretched flat, Groaned on his tossing bed:

"It is with great reluctance that

I bring this up!" he said.

Buyers Galore.

THANKS to the enterprise of merchants and their influence with the railroads, New York has had an influx of buyers from all parts of the Union, who have made the end of summer much livelier than it has been used to be on Manhattan Island. We have sold manifold goods to the good buyers, and shown them sights, some strange, some edifying. When they get home they may tell their friends, among other things, that they have seen the worst torn-up city on earth. Monstrously upheaved and disheveled New York is just now, but business, praised be Heaven, is still done here.

Sunday at Sea.

SMITH: Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourthly preach in the main cabin this morning?

BROWN: Yes, but most of them left when he announced his text.

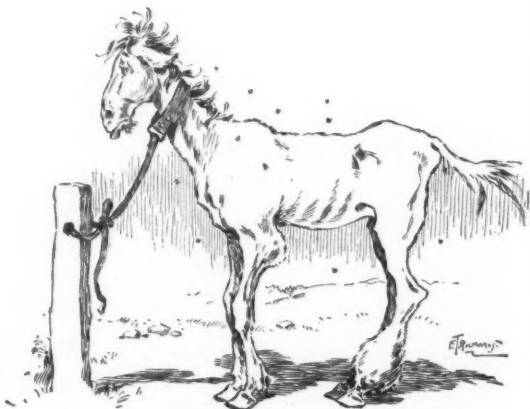
"What was it?"

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

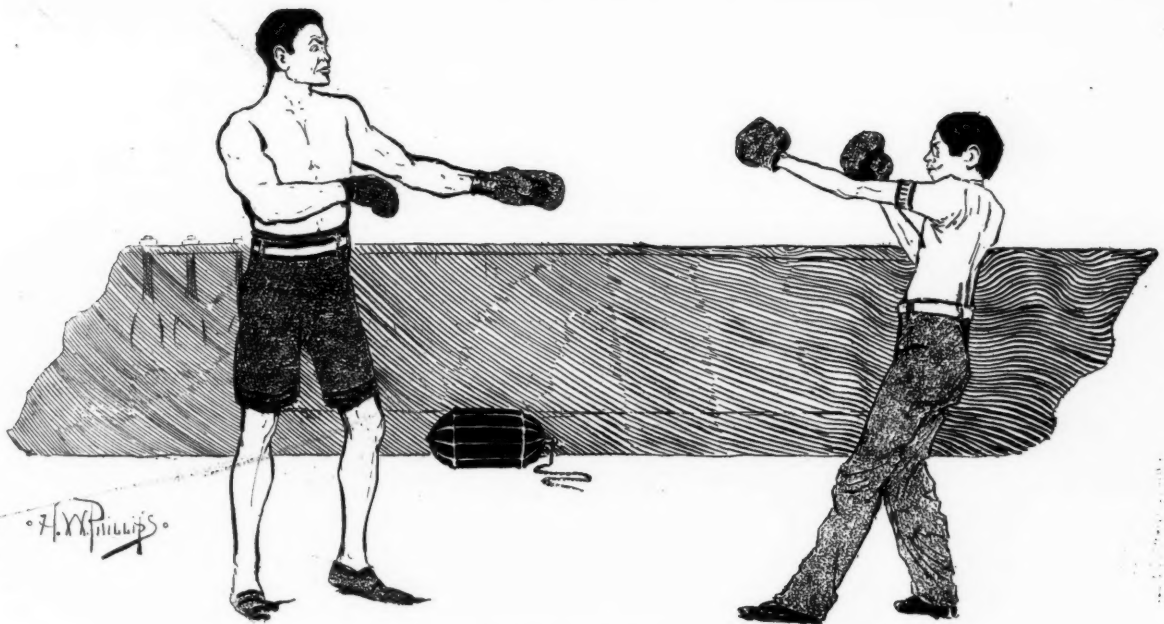
BOBBIIE: Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your candy and you can have it.

ETHEL: Here's the candy. Now what is it?

BOBBIE (munching): A spanking.



MADAME MARE, NEIGH COLT.



PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"NOW, PROFESSOR, SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE ATTACKED SOME NIGHT BY A GREAT BIG FELLAH, WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?"
"HOLLER FER DER PERLEECE, AN' RUN LIKE YER NEVER RUN BEFORE!"



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING TO SUMMON SERVANTS UNNECESSARILY, OR TO MAKE YOURSELF A TRIAL TO THEM BY IRREGULAR HABITS.







HER CHANCE.

"IS MY HAIR DOWN?"

"NO; IT IS STILL HAIR, DEAR; BUT IT DOES SEEM TO BE THINNING BADLY AT THE SIDES."

With Thanks to the Authors.

LIFE regrets to be unable to find space for the meritorious poem of eight stanzas, beginning:

Oh, Nansen, he's a-coming,
Put something on the ice.

Also for the poem inscribed "To R. Kipling," of which the first stanza runs:

With a michnai-ghignai-shtingal!—
Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein-Zwei-Drei-Mutter!
Yah! Yah! Yah!
The stork has brought another,
And this time it's a brother,
Singin' michnai-ghignai-shtingal!—
Hooray!

Also for the two exceptionally vigorous poems, beginning respectively:

Abou Ben Andrews, may his ratio wax.

And:

Blue, by the sacred codfish,
J. Henry Walker swore,
The fame of Brown, by Andrews,
Should be misused no more.

Nothing but the exceptionally crowded state of the columns of this paper, and a sense of responsibility for the maintenance of the public peace, prevents the publication of the latter of these efforts, in spite of its unusual length.

The Rewards of Life.

WE are apt to describe to luck or to good fortune or to circumstances a man's success with a book or a play, or with any venture whereby he gains fortune in a day or a year, but the chances are that his success is really due not to such aids, but to the actual value of what he has to offer; and,

taking everything into consideration, it is probable that his reward is none too great.

For it is altogether probable that his success, in whatever direction achieved, represents not simply the efforts of a day or a year, but the stored up and sifted experience of his life to date, and from which he had hitherto gained no special profit, which he had kept, ripening in the sun of further experience until it had attained perfection, and which he now puts forth as his contribution to the instruction, the amusement, or the profit of mankind.

It is all he has—it is his say; why should he not get a great reward for it? And however great the reward may be, we are likely to find it, when we come to average it over the period of preparation, during which he went without and took all the risks, only fair life wages after all. *Alvin Dipperton.*

An End-of-the-Century Dictionary.

SOME SPECIMEN QUOTATIONS.

Reform, hysterical verbose verb (colloquial, municipal, and genteel).—Faction, inaction, distraction; the imperfect art of publicly praying a snake back into his hole.

Literature, very common, low-down noun (colloquial in Boston and the talkways of Chautauqua).—An uncle in the publishing business; puss, puss in the corner with debt, and starvation; any old thing.

Congress, insubordinate conjunction.—A corporation annex; a place which men enter as servants, occupy as tyrants, and leave as slaves.

Education, abstract, subtract, distract noun.—The loving household miracle of pouring a quart into a pint measure—at the public expense; a course of systematic ignorance.

Policeman, vulgar, invective adjective (superlative degree).—Tittle-tat, autocrat, democrat; the discoverer of limber necks as velvet to the foot; a combination of brogue, brogan, and bribe.

Fame, common, double leaded, newspaper noun. New woman gender, Sunday supplement person, champagne case. A bob-veal soubrette; a society clinker; a triple murderer; a one-night stand of the fool killer; a newspaper tree on which every apple is the biggest apple.

Politics, common, dead easy, everyday noun. Neuter gender, suspected person, desperate case.—A game which is one-half venom and one-half accident; a bloodless surgical operation in a man's back.

Criticism, simple, idiotic, abject adjective.—A sugar-plum clearing house; (astrological) the house of the moon, and the exaltation of the editorial triplicity.

Farmer, common, sidewalk, roof-garden

noun.—A sales-gent; a once-a-week dude; a walk-both-ways-and-climb-a-tree sport; the husband of an actress; the brawn and virtue of the land (just before election); a tiller of the soil, a man of sound sense and sterling worth (if he votes the right ticket); otherwise, an undeodorized bunch of socialistic horrors.

Professor, common, wide-open, joblot noun.—Bootblack; pugilist; snake-charmer; card sharp; expert insanity meddler and muddler; simianary driftwood; a person hired to give loonaversity brats a disgust of the English language.

Agnostic, proper, genteel, loonaversity noun.—A rich infidel; a minister looking for a city job.

Journalism, vociferous, inflammatory exclamation (colloquial, hysterical, maniacal).—Drink, debt, and discharge; sass, reiteration, and fine scorn; a yellow road lined with green elephants, pink anacondas and blue devils.

Statesman, common, universal, corner grocery noun. Jelly gender, legal person, supreme court case.—A presidential understudy; a corporation bravo; a French-Canadian, German, Hungarian, Jewish, Roman Catholic Protestant, born in Ireland by way of Alabama; a latter-day patriot who is ready to serve his country at any cost—to the country.

Society, common, premeditated, yellow-journal noun. Amorphous gender, ill-bred person, divorce case.—A recent place which smells of ancient rum, molasses, slaves, lumber, salt fish, stockwater and pork; a race of which the men are women, and the women merchandise.

Diplomacy, undefined part of speech.—A round stick in a square hole; the stalling place of the attenuated literary ox; the quadrennial thrill of Irish dynamiters, English prisons, and presidential election.

Mugwump, hysterical, statistical, celestial interjection (colloquial in Boston, Springfield and the national weeping department).—A political virgin; a precinct Moses; a man who finds a political horseshoe and buys a spavined dark horse; an anathemized first of April person.
John Drew.

What He Wanted.

HOBKINS: My brother bought a wheel here last week, and you said if anything broke you would supply a new part.

DEALER: That's right. What do you want?

"I want two deltoid muscles, a new set of knuckles and a knee-pan."



A SUMMER SCENE.



A TERROR.

"JIM, GIV' US A INTERDUCTION!"
 "NO, TOM, NO. YER DON'T KNOW HER, AN' YER DON' WANT TER. SHE'S DE ICE-CREAM FIEND OF DE WARD; SHE'S BEGGARED TWO NEWSBOYS AN' A ITALIAN BOOT-BLACK, AN' SHE'S A LOOKING ROUN' FOR ANOTHER WICTIM!"

A Suggestion.



A LEARNED professor of Clark University has come into the field with a defense of vivisection which triumphantly refutes the objections thoughtless persons are fond of urging against it. Vivisection, he finds, is absolutely necessary for the study of living activities, and very fortunately, this being the case, it is

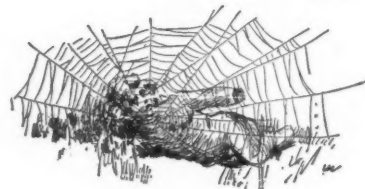
also sanctioned by the divine order. The coming into existence of each living creature is clearly nothing but a prolonged experiment in vivisection, conducted, too, without the use of anæsthetics, and since nature indulges in such practices, it is obvious that medical students are justified in doing likewise. Far be it from us to question the gentleman's premises or to criticise his logic; it is well known that the practice of vivisection gives such a mental training that it is impossible for one not so qualified to comprehend the close reasoning and striking logic of its defenders; but we venture one suggestion.

It is evident that, however unreasonably, animals have an objection to being cut to pieces, torn apart, baked, poisoned, or otherwise experimented on for the good of mankind and the edification of medical students; it is also evident that there are a number of sentimental and incredulous people who, in spite of the assertions of its apologists, believe

Afternoon Tea.

JUST a cup of frailest style,
 Just a fleck of cream,
 Just a glimpse of Edith's smile—
 Fleeting as a dream.
 Just a tiny silver spoon,
 Carved and filigreed;
 Just a dainty macaroon,
 Such as fairies knead.
 Just an airy, sugared kiss,
 Served from Edith's dish;
 As I took the crumbling bliss
 Edith read my wish.
 Just a fragrant, curtained spot
 Where the roses be,
 Where a blue forget-me-not
 Nods in sympathy.
 Just those dainty finger-tips,
 Which I clasp once more;
 Just a touch of girlish lips—
 And the tea is o'er.

Erin Grahame.



that vivisection is a cruel and frequently a useless practice. Why should not gentlemen like the professor referred to above refute the objectors, and prove the perverseness of the objecting animals by offering themselves for purposes of experimentation? They are convinced that the dissection of living creatures is a necessary and divinely ordained institution. What higher destiny can they hope to fulfill than to give themselves up, a willing sacrifice, to their brother vivisectioners? How can they better serve science, or prove more truly that devotion to the good of their race which now leads them to vivisection dogs and cats with a self-sacrificing fervor equalled only by Artemus Ward in the case of his wife's relations?

The altruistic aspect of the case alone ought to be sufficient, but there is a practical side no less important. Think of the advantages of experimenting upon subjects who could give a scientific description of the



effects upon themselves of such experimentation! With careful management one vivisectionist could be used for quite a number of demonstrations, and medical students, while cutting, straining, twisting, or otherwise altering the normal condition of his nerves and muscles, could have

the unspeakable advantage of hearing from his lips an accurate statement of the result of each operation, instead of having to depend on such uncertain signs as struggles and cries of pain.

In fact, when we think of the numerous advantages of the scheme, it seems strange that it has not been carried into effect long ago. It cannot be that our vivisectionists shrink from offering themselves for such purposes from any fear of the pain involved. Their well-known devotion to the good of the race forbids any such supposition, to say nothing of their own assertion that such experiments are usually painless. It can only be that the idea has not occurred to them. Now that it has been suggested, we shall hope to see it enthusiastically adopted. Each vivisectionist who so offers himself will be consoled for any discomfort in the manner of his taking off by the consciousness of the benefits he is conferring upon science, and may carry with him the comforting reflection that in the opinion of a large number of his fellow-men his death is less of an evil than the sacrifice of a faithful dog, or the torture of innumerable helpless beasts and birds.

AFFECTATION is the difference between what other people know about us and what we want them to think about us.

The Point of View.

REV. DR. FOURTHLY: I had a full house to-day. The collection amounted to seventeen dollars and forty-eight cents. Can you beat that?

REV. MR. SPLICER: That depends on how you look at it. I only had two pair, but the fees came to twenty dollars.

ECONOMY is a disagreeable way some people have of going without what they want in order that they can afford to get what they don't want.

At an Intelligence (?) Office.

MRS. TELFAIR (interviewing applicant for position of "first-class cook"): "Can you make all kinds of soups, entrées and desserts?"

COOK: "Oh, yes'm!"

MRS. TELFAIR: "Do you make a good mock-turtle soup?"

COOK: "Oh, yes'm!"

MRS. TELFAIR (who, on account of past experiences, is incredulous): "How do you make it?"

COOK: "Oh, just like anyone else does."

MRS. TELFAIR (persistently): "Give me your recipe."

COOK (hesitatingly): "Well, I just makes a foine good soup, and then I gets the little mock-turtles and I throws 'em in."



STAN AWES.

"I'VE INVENTED A NEW COCKTAIL."

"WOT'S IN IT?"

"SAME AS ANY OTHER COCKTAIL, ONLY DOUBLE DE QUANTITY."



The House That Jack Built.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dug who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds in fierce vindictive scorn
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos's iron tooth,

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with Eros's osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lactalbic hands
Drew albu-lactic bovine wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexed of the sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared through many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him, who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that
Jack built.

—Duluth Evening Herald.

"PAPA," said the ice baron's beautiful daughter,
"mamma and I want \$5,000 for charitable purposes.
Can you let us have it?"

"I suppose so, my dear," said the indulgent parent,



E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Way to Keep Young. By Dorothy Quigley.
Success Is for You. By Dorothy Quigley.

R. F. FENNO AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Crime of the Boulevard. By Jules Claretie.
Translated by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury.
The King's Assegai. By Bertram Mitford.

F. TENNYSON NEELY: LONDON AND NEW YORK.

True to Themselves.
Klondike, the Land of Gold. By Charles Frederick
Stansbury.

Aphrøessa, and Other Poems. By George Horton.
London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Chevalier d' Aurillac. By S. Levett Yeats.
New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green
and Company.

Jerome. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper
and Brothers.

"but isn't that quite a large sum for charity? What
disposition do you intend to make of it?"

"You remember," said the fair girl, "the younger
son of that English duke who will inherit the title and
estates of his father, and who was so attentive to me
last summer?"

"I do," said the ice baron. "Is he trying to bor-
row money already?"

"No, indeed; he has returned home without pro-
posing, and mamma and I have decided to go to a sum-
mer resort for the purpose of securing another."

"And where does the charity come in?"

"Oh, the money, you know, is to be used as a fresh
heir fund."—Detroit Free Press.

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the test
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prized;
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enough; if not, we make
it fit.

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It has come to our knowledge that certain
dishonest parties are taking the centre
cartoons from issues of LIFE, having them
framed, and selling them under the pre-
tense that they are the regular hand-printed
drawings. The deception is so apparent
that the most cursory scrutiny will reveal
it.

Many innocent and unsuspecting per-
sons may, however, be fooled, and we
therefore take this method of impressing
upon all the fact that the original hand-
printed proofs, on heavy paper, can be
obtained only at the office of LIFE and no-
where else.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have
found a large number of men who are will-
ing to put all they possess into a common
stock, and share alike?"

"Certainly," replied the socialist.
"Why not? There isn't one of them who
has a cent to his name."

—Washington Star.

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What do I Spy?"

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THE author of "Bismarck's Table Talk" says that some one was speaking to Bismarck one day about his unusual attainments as a linguist. The Prince, who is specially proud of his knowledge of the Russian language, spoke of the great difficulty of mastering that tongue.

"You must have great talent in that direction," said his interlocutor. "Well," answered the Prince, "I had unusual advantages when I was learning the language at St. Petersburg. I lodged in the house with a Russian and a bear."

Bismarck, who had worn himself out in the service of Germany and his Emperor, rarely referred to his labors for the Fatherland. One morning he and the Emperor William were riding together in the park. They had not gone far when Bismarck complained of fatigue. The Emperor, who was quite fresh, said somewhat testily:

"How is it that, though I am an older man than yourself, Prince, I can always outstride you?" Bismarck's reply was as reproachful as it was epigrammatic.

"Ah, sire," he said, "the rider always outlasts the horse."

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PURPOSES.

Heavy immigration of mining labor into the Yukon Valley, which is now going on, is what is needed for the development of this mineral wealth. Work will begin next Spring on as many of the placers as possible. At all these points in the near vicinity of the claims, are stores and trading posts of the North American Transportation and Trading Company. Our officers and directors are also interested in the management of this company, insuring hearty co-operation.

This Company does not have to prospect for property—
It already owns it. Some of its mines are now in operation.

CAUTION:

The Cudahy-Healy Yukon-Klondike Mining Company has no occasion whatever to color or exaggerate its advantages. CAPTAIN JOHN J. HEALY of Dawson City, Northwest Territory, has had forty years' experience in prospecting and mining in Idaho, Montana, Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains, and every statement here given is strictly conservative. Keep your eye on our treasure steamers "Portland" and "Cleveland," which are bringing in the gold on every trip.

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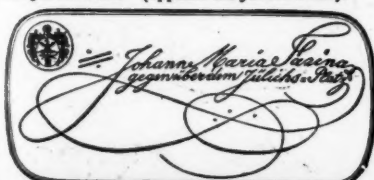
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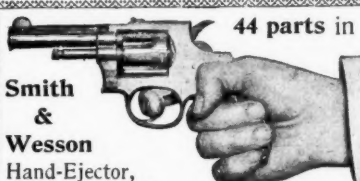
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